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"There are more men enabled by reading than by nature."

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THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER
By Alexander Pope.
Father of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored
By Saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Thou Great First Cause, least understood
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
Thus, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
To obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness led me bound,
Or think thee lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round!

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
Or each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find the better way.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me, whereso'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou knowst if bestow'd or not;
And let Thy will be done.

To These, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise;
All nature's incense rise!

A Mile and More

By Leslie W. Quirk

When Bob Edmunds first read the notice on the bulletin board of the Laurel gymnasium he stretched himself up on his toes that he might feel the play of the swelling muscles in his long, slim legs, and said to himself: "That means me! All I ask is a fair chance, just a square deal in the trials."

The notice read: —

To Members of the Track Team.

Laurel College has been asked to send competitors to the invitation track and field meet to be held at Weslex University on Saturday, June 5. Owing to the expense we can enter only one competitor. He will be chosen on the basis of the best comparative record made in preliminary trials at Crandall Field next Thursday afternoon.

Although Bob Edmunds did not know it, the Laurel faculty had debated long and earnestly before accepting the invitation. Professor Manly of the biology department had been particularly doubtful; but it was his vote as the faculty member of the athletic association that had finally decided the question in the affirmative.

As a result of the notice the Laurel athletic field on Thursday afternoon was a place of great activity. All the members of the track team were there, and all agreed that the choice must ultimately narrow down to three contestants, Boomly, the weight thrower; Veedeck, the sprinter; and Edmunds, the distance runner, whose specialty was the mile.

Bob Edmunds paid little attention to the minor events. He was not afraid of any hurdler or jumper or quarter-miler. But when Boomly had the shot with a last mighty heave that sent the iron ball hurtling far from the ring, Bob pressed close to see what the tape might reveal. And when Veedeck ran his hundred yards, a stop watch in Bob's hand recorded the brief interval of time between the pistol shot and the breaking of the tape.

Neither contestant threatened to break the record in his event. Neither indeed showed any skill or speed beyond the ordinary. Bob Edmunds smiled. "Now for the mile," he said to himself.

There were no competitors; he was to run against time. As he made his way to the starting point, an apologetic voice called: "One minute, Edmunds."

It was Professor Manly. Annoyed at the interruption, Bob stopped. "Yes, sir?"

"I am sorry to bother you at this time," said the professor, coming close to his side. "It happens, however, that I have barely time to make a train. I shall be away from Laurel over the week-end, and I wished to speak to you about the science medal essays."

"Mine is already turned in, sir."

"I know. But as you are aware Griffith has been ill. His essay is not done. Mind you, he has not asked for further time, but I wondered if you might not be willing to grant an extension of perhaps two weeks?"

"Why, I—I don't know," said Edmunds. The science medal offered by the biology department meant much to him. He had set his heart on winning it, and he had worked faithfully in preparing his essay. Although he wanted to be perfectly fair, he couldn't quite see the justice of allowing Griffith extra time. The closing date had been definitely understood.

"You need not decide now," continued Professor Manly. "Take as much time as you like. When you do decide, however, be good enough to write to Dr. Benton; he will understand. Meanwhile I want you to realize that you are privileged to hold Griffith to the original date for completing his essay. Good day, Edmunds."

Before Bob competed his trial mile he knew that he was running superbly. He ran as he sometimes ran in his dreams—swiftly, easily and in perfect form. At the finish he was only mildly exhausted. Some one mentioned the time, and even Ferguson, the coach, whistled softly. "Nice work, Edmunds!" he said.

Then Bob knew. The words were as good as a promise. He had won the right to represent Laurel in the great Weslex meet! He was glad there had been no questions about his right to compete at Weslex, although of course there couldn't have been without favoritism.

After supper that night Bob sat down at his study table, resolved to leave no detail of his scholastic work unfinished on his departure for Weslex the following day. For two full hours he amplified his lecture notes and studied his lessons for the morrow. At last, yawning, he pushed back his chair. "My biology—" He halted the thought in the middle. "H'm!" he. "I must write to Dr. Benton about the science medal."

He had trouble composing the letter. Several times he began it, and as many times he tore up what he had written. In the end his final draft sounded curt, but he could think of no way to improve the wording. He told Dr. Benton that he was addressing him at the suggestion of professor Manly and that he felt, in justice to himself, he could not agree to any extension of the time for turning in the essays. He thought of signing it "Yours in all fairness," but that ending sounded a little affected; so he compromised on a meaningless "Yours truly." Dr. Benton would understand that he was demanding no more than his rights.

The next day seemed years long, but it passed somehow, and train time came. Ferguson went to the station with him. "It's too bad you must go alone," said the coach. "Still, you won't need to worry about how you're going to be treated after you get there. Weslex is a college where sportsmanship means everything. Those fellows will talk of you."

Bob was hopeful, but no one met him at the station, and going to a hotel, he engaged a room for the night. He felt strangely lonesome and depressed. While the clerk was getting his key, Bob discovered that he had forgotten to mail the letter to Dr. Benton. He took it out of his pocket, turned it over once or twice and finally dropped it into the mail box in the office. He was glad that matter was decided.

The room, which was at the front of the hotel, was noisy; trolley cars rattled and jangled past under his window. In the parlor down the hall he could hear a piano drumming. Next door two men were arguing loudly and incessantly. It wasn't at all the kind of room for a fellow who needed rest to prepare for a race. Just as he was ready to go down to supper some one knocked at his door.

"You're Edmunds, from Laurel College, aren't you?" the brisk youth whom Bob had admitted said to him in greeting. "I'm Clarke, the Weslex miler. I went to the station to meet you but missed you in the crowd."

"Heigh-ho! This room won't do. I'll make the clerk change it for a quiet one at the back. Ready to eat? I'll take you round to our training table of course."

The experience was new to Bob Edmunds. He couldn't quite understand fellows who went out of their way to be nice to an opponent, and at first he was suspicious of Clark's intentions.

But when with Clarke's help he had changed his room and had met a host of Weslex boys at the training table, he began to understand better what Ferguson had meant when he said that Weslex stood for sportsmanship.

Bob liked the attitude, but at the same time he resolved not to put himself too much in debt, because he confidently expected to beat Clarke in the mile.

But as matters turned out, Bob needed further aid. The next afternoon when he slipped into the dressing room under the grand stand he could not find his running shoes.

With a scowl that must have suggested the nasty doubt in his mind, he carried the trouble to a Weslex fellow—not Clarke this time.

"Lost, are they?" said the Weslex boy, laughing. "Well, I'm not surprised. Everything seems to be at odds and ends. There are too many competitors to keep track of all their equipment. You just sit right here for a few minutes, and I'll bring you another pair."

He was as good as his word. Better! For he came back presently with an armful of running shoes, which he dumped at Bob's feet. "Try these," he said. "I brought a dozen pairs, because I wanted to make sure of a perfect fit. If you don't find exactly what you want in the pile, I'll get more."

With a vague word of perfunctory thanks Bob began trying them on. He couldn't understand why the Weslex fellow was so ready to help. It wasn't really his business at all; it wasn't his duty. Didn't they realize here at Weslex that their mildest dangerous opponent was the boy whom everybody seemed to be holding him back.

His spurt was extraordinary. Quite as if he were some one else he was astonished to find himself suddenly swinging wide and pounding even with Kling.

Each thud of his right foot on the track came with the accent of a refrain that was running in his mind. "Play—the—game—Bob!" it seemed to be singing over and over again. "Play—the—game—Bob!"

But he did not pass Kling. The Union runner answered to the second challenge like a thoroughbred. Side by side like a team of horses the two swerved forward.

The end came abruptly as if the whole world had collapsed. One instant Bob was sprinting like the wind with a clear track before him; the next he was falling headlong and sharp cinders were scratching his face. But even as he fell he knew what had happened. Kling had stumbled and pitched to the right across Bob's leg; probably the Union man's ankle had turned on some clod of cinders. Bob himself of course had fallen heavily. And now while Clarke drew ahead into a long lead, while four second

ary runners flitted past like shadows, the two contestants whom Weslex had feared most lay on the track.

Weslex would win the mile and the meet—which was just as it should be.

Bob clambered to his feet. The world was spinning dizzily before his eyes. Behind him he heard the crunch, crunch, of other runners rapidly approaching. On the track there lay Kling, a motionless curl of legs and arms. Bob fought back a wild impulse to drop by his side.

"Oh!" murmured Bob vaguely. He could think of nothing else to say. He couldn't very well wish Clarke luck in the race; he wanted to win himself. And yet, curiously enough, he began to wonder whether he should feel particularly sorry if some accident permitted Clarke to finish in front of him. Unconsciously he had become a staunch friend of Weslex. If it were not for his own ambition—

After a time he found himself on the cinder track with eleven other runners, all waiting for the race to begin. The starter was reading the names and positions from a paper. Without stopping to think much about it at all, Bob expected Weslex to draw No. 1 at the rail; naturally Clarke would want his opponents on the outside.

"No. 1," read the starter, "Kling, Union; No. 2, Edmunds, Laurel; No. 3, Sanders, Hull"—and so on to the last and worst position of any: "No. 12, Clarke, Weslex."

Bob nodded his appreciation of such a display of fairness. "They play the game here at Weslex," he said to himself. "I wish Clarke would win—almost!"

The starter had the runners take their places; then he explained just how he would give his commands. To Bob it seemed a useless procedure, and he wondered whether the starter realized the nervous tension that the long wait caused. Still of course some of the fellows might be competing for the first time; to them it was no more than just to explain the start.

Prepared as Bob had been for the crack of the pistol, the abruptness of it following the moment of absolute stillness threw him into a panic. Though he got off with the pack, it was his long training rather than any conscious exercise of skill that shot him forward and made his spikes bite into the crisp cinders.

The start of course was a mad scramble for position. Kling, the Union runner, led the first flight with Bob close behind and Clarke, despite his outside number, at Bob's elbow. Behind them trailed three or four others. Still farther in the rear was a second group.

For the first lap the track was a quarter-mile oval—the race was a sprint, as it usually is in the mile run.

During half the distance to the middle of the back stretch, Bob was content to allow Kling to set the pace. There when a quick side glance revealed Clarke forging ahead of him till he was first even with Kling, and then leading him and swinging in toward the rail, Bob fought his first battle. He knew in his heart that he could run a little faster; he knew he could swerve out into the track and race on equal terms with Kling, perhaps pass him just as Clarke had done. But for a moment something seemed to be holding him back.

In his mind he began to talk to his legs. "Come on," he would order. "Lift—reach—hit—push."

Then to the other: "Come on—lift—reach—hit—push."

Near the end of the third quarter he jerked up his chin for another look. What he saw amazed him. In front of him, not more than eight or ten yards, was a spent runner, swaying drunkenly. And ahead of that runner, just a little way ahead, was a second. There were five altogether. Bob counted four at first and then six; but he steadied his mind finally and made the count accurately. Yes, there were only five.

Bob knew that you aren't supposed to start your final sprint until the last quarter of the mile, but the sight of the runners so close pumped new energy into his tired legs. "Faster!" He almost spoke the word aloud. "Faster!" Our last race this year. Faster! And then we'll rest a long, long time."

His legs drove like flying pistons faster and faster. The track swept under him like a river. The standards of the high jump swished past; a scarlet sash on some fellow at the side of the track fluttered in the swirling breeze; the runners was causing; the grand stand seemed to roar by as an express train roars by a station at which it does not stop.

Ahead of him loomed a shadow, an obstruction on the track. He swerved toward the outer rim of the cinder path and passed it. Some instinct rather than eyesight told him that it was a runner. He dashed by a fourth. Now he had rounded the curve at the end of the oval track and was again in the back stretch.

A rumble came across the track from the grand stand. The Weslex crowd were cheering Clarke somewhere on ahead. Bob wanted to quit. He felt that he could not run another fifty yards.

The track seemed to be rolling under him. His ankles were turning and jerking. His legs, willing enough but utterly spent, were bending and twisting. He was afraid they would collapse. Yes, he was done!

The cheering became louder. It was a continuous roar, but scattered through it were words. He tried to pick them out. But what words were they? He listened more acutely, and then all at once he knew.

The Weslex people were cheering him! He could catch the names "Laurel" and "Edmunds." And they had been cheering him ever since his fall, which had marked the beginning of his forlorn chase. Now with only one runner ahead of him and that one Clarke of Weslex—they were still urging him on, still applauding his sensational race! Oh, that was sportsmanship!

His pace quickened. It was as if he had found his second wind, his second store of vitality, as if he had rested somewhere for a time. Refreshed, he was back stronger and faster than before.

At the finish of the first quarter mile in front of the grand stand he was still last. But he was going better now, and he was gaining. He determined to keep on sprinting while the others slowed up the grinding jog that marks the middle part of the mile run. Behind him he

could hear the spectators in the grand stand roaring encouragement. Some of the applause might be for him, he guessed; a crowd always cheered for the under dog. But most of it course was for Clarke somewhere out in front, for the grand stand was packed with Weslex adherents.

Before Bob had finished the second lap he had begun to feel the penalty of his long sprint; his lungs ached; his heart pounded; and his leg muscles pained him. He was tired, as tired as he usually was at the end of a race. Caution warned him to slow for a breathing spell, for he wanted to finish, no matter in what position.

As he swung round the curve into the back stretch on the third lap he raised his eyes to see what lay ahead. Almost without knowing it, he had forged to the front of the second group, in front of stretched yards and yards of bare track with some distant runners just in sight like about to dip ships below the horizon.

He could not see them distinctly; his eyes were smarting, and the perspiration from his hair and from his forehead almost blinded him. But his mind was still clear; he realized that the other runners could not be so far away as they seemed. They were still on the back stretch.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1925.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, 11 W. 108th Street, New York, Washington Avenue), is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-holding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

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ten cents a line.

A Rare Honor

It was Sunday, March 1st last. I will never forget that day. I was at the South Carolina School in Cedar Spring. I was in charge of the basketball players from this school. I had been invited to dine with the superintendent of the S. C. School at his home nearby. At two o'clock, I was ushered into the beautiful dining-room and given a seat at the table. Never before in my life did I feel so honored as I was that day.

There sat at the head of the table the sublime, the greatly respected Dr. Newton F. Walker. For sixty years he has been head of the South Carolina School. His father, Newton P., founded that school. Only an hour before I had seen a bunch of fine, successful deaf alumni of the S. C. School bless his name. The State of South Carolina has showered honors upon him. The profession has honored him by electing him president of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf. As I looked upon his face so noble, so dignified, so kind, I became fascinated. Here I saw a God's man. I was filled with reverence.

Seated on my right was W. Laurens Walker, the youngest son and assistant to his father. A big man with a big heart he is. He has spent all his life at the school. He is following the footsteps of his father. He is one of the deaf or the blind in spirit, in feeling, in sympathy.

Opposite across the table was seated Horace E., now impaired in health. For some thirty years he taught the deaf. He was well-known as a teacher of exceptional ability. Many deaf people in Missouri and Tennessee have benefited by his work.

Next to Horace was Albert H., president of the Florida School, whom it has been my privilege and pleasure to serve for the past thirteen years.

On my left was the charming hostess, Mrs. I. M. Thomason, the only surviving sister of the elder Walker. All of her children have been engaged in the work of educating the deaf. Next to her was Mrs. W. Laurens Walker, who is filling the position made sacred by the death of the late greatly beloved Mrs. N. F. Walker—the position of mothering the school children.

It was beautiful to see the devotion the boys hold for their father.

When I stepped out of the house at a late hour, I thanked God for such friends of the deaf and the blind.—O. W. Underhill, in Florida School Herald.

New York Branch N. A. D.

Will all members and friends and those interested in the New York Local Branch of the National Association of the Deaf take notice, that what President Gillen promises will be the most interesting meeting of the New York Branch ever held, will take place at the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf (Fanwood), on Saturday evening, May 23d, at 8:30 P.M., and that it will be more interesting is promised from the fact that it is the Annual meeting under present administration, and nomination and election of officers, will be held. President Gillen is determined that the wranglings over by-laws and such minor points are at end, and that future meetings of the New York Branch will be helpful, entertaining and instructive. Only a minor point or two in connection with the laws is to be settled, and Mr. Gillen is going to have it settled in short order, and pave the way for meetings, each of which will prove a delight to all members and visitors. To help him carry this out won't all interested plan to be Fanwood Saturday evening, May 23d, so that business can start at 8:15, and finish by 10, thus leaving time for a social evening?

Gallaudet College.

CHICAGO.

With the opening of spring vacation on the 15th, some 40 fellows rushed up in the College Hall garret, chucked out a half dozen tents, heaved them aboard a truck loaded sky-high with grub, blankets, pots and pans, and hied off to the old stamping grounds at Great Falls. There they camped until Monday morning, the 20th. Occasional rains forced the dyed-in-the-wools to stay under canvas quite a bit. But all the same they waged relentless warfare on the canine population and massacred a whole tribe of "hot dogs," and on the side got away with half a carload of eggs, bacon and flapjacks. So the expedition of course was a howling success. But—all's quiet along the Potomac again.

Louis Byouk and Gustav Strauss, Preps, dined from camp brown as a berry and chesty as could be. They were hard nuts, you bet, for they had had a swim in the Potomac. Soon, however, their chests fell in and a prominent case of humpback popped up on each. Our fair Co-eds, just home from their outing, reported that almost the whole gang had sampled the waters of West River on Saturday and enjoyed a real swim. The reporter always did think that we have some Co-eds here.

Every soul in Fowler Hall spent spring vacation at Kamp Kahlert. They said they had a capital time swimming, boating, hiking and feasting. Some of them "nearly upset," "froze half to death," and "almost cried," when they left. Maybe they felt sad at leaving their cook with her ten pickaninnies. Just imagine our domestic science wizards employed a flapjack tosser on an outing, or camping as they call it!

The Collegians snatched their books from dusty shelves Tuesday morning, and filed into the classrooms for a six-week bout with the professors. They are in the pink of condition this time.

G. W. U. sent over its fair tennis players Wednesday afternoon. The young ladies completely swamped our Co-ed raquetteers. The closest games were the doubles between Marie Didding and Marion Davis (G. W. U.) and our Mary Kannapell and Mary Dobson. The sets ended 7-5, 7-5. Other games were: Walker vs. Kannapell—6-2, 6-0; Taylor vs. Dobson—6-1, 6-2; Omwake vs. Sandberg—6-4, 6-2; Chickering and Petrie vs. Ozburn and Sandberg—6-2, 6-2.

Briarley Hall Academy, usually an easy mark for Gallaudet, motored over Wednesday and skinned our diamond performers by the close score of 5 and 4 runs. Knauss pitched good ball except in the 5th inning, when he allowed 3 hits which with two errors resulted in three runs that clinched the game for the visitors. Gallaudet was clearly weak with the stick, and some ragged work appeared in the field. Reneau, however, turned in a spotless record; his playing really was sensational. Trindle was very effective on the slab for the visitors; got 8 strikeouts. Gallaudet's lineup was the same as at the succeeding game.

Workmen are busy laying a broad concrete walk from the home of Professors' Day and Skyberg to the gymnasium. It will make a splendid improvement. After a shower the old plank walk had a habit of making toe dancers out of pedestrians.

A number of the stay-at-homes during camp week worked like niggers on the track and put it into a condition fit for Nurmi's rabbit feet.

The Literary Society gave the following program Friday evening: Lecture—"The Channing Way Derby"—Mr. Guire; Dialogue—"Camp Gallaudet"—George Brookins, John Young; Declamation—"Owl and the Pussy Cat"—Albert Rose; Critic—James Beauchamp.

Our baseball men trotted over to College Park, Md., Saturday P.M. to tackle the University nine for the second time. Again the Marylanders "murdered" our best pitchers, Knauss and Riddle, scoring 14 times in the first two innings. Massinkoff then came in from the outfield, and although he had not been training for hurling this spring, he sent the hard-hitting Old Liners back scoreless in three innings. In the fifth, however, errors, 3 hit batsmen and two hits, gave the U-men 8 runs. The final score was 21-3.

Saturday evening Dr. Ely delivered a short talk on insects, to a student audience in chapel. Mr. Hughes then set his machine in motion and ran off a number of reels, showing the life cycles of the 17-year locust, the grasshopper and the bee. Among other things the pictures revealed, the grasshopper does not go through a larva stage, but hatches directly into a little "hopper."

Notice to Pennsylvania Motorists

The wording on licenses issued to a good many of the deaf since March 1, 1925: "Deaf—valid for use in Pennsylvania only," has been changed to read "Deaf, not valid in New Jersey and Maryland." After July 4th, our licenses may be good in New Jersey. Further information on the subject will be given out later.

F. E. SMIELAU,
Chairman Special Com.

When fellers step upon your corns as if they're hunting trouble,
When knockers place you on the pan
and lash you loud and long
(Your olden glory far-forgot—for Fame's
a brief, burst bubble)

Oh, brother, don't it gall when you must
praise your foes in song?

This job of writing for the press may seem
all milk and honey.

—Cute, coyome girls with golden curls
to cluster round you thick;
But bless your bosom, brother, 'tis devoid
of mirth or money—

No matter what the "L" you write,
someone is sure to kick!!!

Those with fat purses will discover
ample opportunities to lighter
their cargo and jettison tir ballast.

Dates ahead. May 2—Fishing
party, Sac. May 13th—A. D. at
All Angels' Parish House, 6122
Indiana Avenue. May 23d—Ba-
zaar. May 29, 30th—Dance, vande-
ville and general jubilee, Sac.

THE MEAGHERS.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Mr. B. L. Craven, who lost part
of a little finger a month ago, is now
back to his place of employment.

The party for the benefit of the
O. A. D. convention was attended
on Saturday night, March 28th, at
the big home of Mr. and Mrs. B. L.
Craven. Many interesting games
were played, and a raffle for a ham,
in which Mr. C. H. Linde held
the lucky number. Committee in
charge were: Mr. Chas. Lynch,
chairman, Mr. C. Greenwald, Mrs.
H. P. Nelson and Mrs. B. L. Cra-
ven.

Mrs. Webb is now employed at
the Western Cooperage Company,
and will send for his wife to come
to Portland, where they will live
during the summer. Portland deaf
will be glad to see them back after
some years away.

Mr. C. C. Moxley, a deaf-mute, of
Medford, Oregon, is again in trouble
with the law for passing alleged bad
checks. He was brought to Port-
land recently to stand trial. Mr.
Moxley has a wife and four small
children, and he has been in trouble
before.

A reception was given at the home of
Mrs. Guile Deliglio, on Friday
night, April 3d, in honor of C. Hunter,
of New York City, who has been
visiting in Portland, Vancouver, and
Seattle, recently, and about the
time of this writing is preparing to
leave for California points before re-
turning home to New York. Miss
Hunter met many old friends during
her stay around the Coast, as she
formerly lived at Vancouver, Wash.
About thirty-five deaf were present
at the reception, which ended with
coffee and cake at midnight.

* Well, June will be robbed of one
June Bride by April. This is how
it is. Mrs. Guile Leo Deliglio and
Mr. William Fred Cooke, who were
to be married next June, have
changed their wedding date, and
will be married on April 16th, 1925.

The couple announced the date,
while taking dinner with the Nel-
sons, on Friday evening, April 10th.
Mr. and J. O. Reichle will be a witness
at the ceremony, which will be per-
formed by Rev. Eickmann, of Trinity
Lutheran Church. A reception
for the deaf in honor of the
wedding will take place at the
bride's parents' home, on Friday
night, April 17th.

Mr. G. White, who some years
ago fell from a high lumber pile, is
in a serious condition, and confined
to bed at his home. His back was
badly injured in the fall.

A kitchen shower was given Mrs.
Deliglio on Wednesday, April 8th,
by her many lady friends, in which
nearly a complete kitchen set was
given her.

Mrs. Hans Scott left for Calif-
ornia for her health.

Mrs. Webb is now in Portland as
her husband has secured a steady
job at good wages at the Western
Cooperage Company, where about
ten deaf are employed. The Webbs
will remain in Portland during the
summer, but will go back on their
farm out near Pendleton, Ore., in
the Fall.

Another new arrival in Portland
is that of a man named Mr. Kidd,
formerly Wisconsin, and known
by Mr. C. H. Linde, also from
Wisconsin, years ago. According
to latest news, Mr. Kidd has found a
job and is satisfied will stay in Port-
land. He is a member of the N. F.
S. D. since 1910.

Over forty deaf attended the ser-
vice on Sunday, April 5th, at the
Trinity Lutheran Church to hear
Rev. Fricke of Spokane, Wash-
ington.

Mr. Wm. Fleming met with a
slight accident on Sunday, April 5th,
at his home while chopping wood,
cutting a his thumb, but went to
work on Monday morning, using his
other hand mostly.

The S. F. L. Club will meet at the
home of Mrs. W. S. Hunter, in
Vancouver, Washington on Wed-
nesday, April 15th.

The Thierman family called on the
Nelsons on Thursday night in their
new swell sport Star car, and invit-
ed them for a ride up through Mt.
Tabor Park, which is illuminated
with beautiful arch lights and is
considered one of Portland's most
beautiful Parks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hunter and
a lady friend from Vancouver, Wash.,
called at the Nelson home on
Sunday, April 5th, in their swell
new Dodge, but found the Nelsons
were out. Hope they come again as
the Hunters always brings the writer
some good news.

To the Portland and also Van-
couver, Washington, readers of the
JOURNAL: Will you help keep the
Portland column more popular, as
the writer can not be at every hap-
pening, and will be glad to receive
any and all news of importance.
Send me your subscription of \$2.00
per year for this weekly paper.

H. P. NELSON.

April 11, 1925.

Canadian Clippings.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Mrs. William W. Scott left on
April 17th for a couple of weeks' so-
journ at the home of her parents in
Wellandton.

Miss Helen A. Middleton, of Horn-
ing Mills, who went up to Huntsville
to visit her grandmother and other
relatives on the 23d of last Decem-
ber, and then came here on February
20th, where she had been ever
since visiting relatives and friends,
left for her home on April 20th. She
was a general favorite during
her sojourn here, on account of her
cheerful disposition and modest ba-
bits.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hazlitt,
who have been living in the lower
part of the residence of Mr. and Mrs.
John Henry Whealy, have moved to
156 Hampton Avenue, where they
are nicely settled.

The Literary Circle meet again
at Georgia House, the residence of
the Western Cooperage Company,
and will send for his wife to come
to Portland, where they will live
during the summer. Portland deaf
will be glad to see them back after
some years away.

Mrs. Webb is now employed at
the Western Cooperage Company,
and will send for his wife to come
to Portland, where they will live
during the summer. Portland deaf
will be glad to see them back after
some years away.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Belbeck,
Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Roberts,
Mrs. James Davidson and daughter,
Miss Alberta, of Jarvis, Mr. and
Mrs. Sidney Dickey and son, Fred,
and Mrs. Norris Hathaway, of London,
Mrs. Fred Williams, of St. Thomas,
Mr. Charles Wade and son, Melvin,
of Norwich, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Anderson
and Stratford, were guests at
"Mora Glen" on April 14th, all
having come to attend the funeral
of an aunt of Mr. Herbert W. Roberts.

Mrs. Harry Mason left on April
20th for a brief sojourn with Mrs.
David Hambly in Nobleton.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black, of
Kitchener, died themselves away
from the country and spent Easter
very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs.
John Forsythe, in Elmira.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams
and children, of Kitchener, were
over in Waterloo for Easter, visiting
the sister of Mr. Williams, who lives
on the same street and within talking
distance of the Moynihan home.

Two years ago Mr. John Forsythe,
of Elmira, decided to go into poultry
raising, and accordingly built a fine
up-to-date henry to house his good
breeds of Wyandotte layers, and now
he is earning the reward of honest
sweat and toil by getting eggs by the
dozen daily, besides scores of baby
chicks that have hatched and are growing
fine. Jack has dreams of becoming the
Poultry King of Elmira some day.

On Easter Monday, the Moynihans
of Waterloo took a jaunt out to
Bridgeport, returning to Kitchener
to take tea with the Williams family.

On April 15th, Mrs. John Moynihan
and daughter, Beverley, left
Waterloo for a trip to Galt, where
they had tea with Mr. and Mrs.
Joseph Coles. Afterwards all took
the bus for Preston, where they
spent the rest of the evening with
Mrs. Ida Cherry Robertson, at her
parental home.

On April 16th, Mrs. John Moynihan
and daughter, Beverley, went
on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. John For-
sythe in Elmira, and on their return
next day were accompanied by Miss
Marie Forsythe, who spent a few
days with the Moynihan's in Water-
loo.

Sunday, came as a shock to her rel-
atives and countless friends here.

Mr. George Pepper was up in De-
troit, over Easter, visiting his
brother and sister and deaf friends,
returning on April 15th, to his work
at the McCormack Soda Biscuit
factory.

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Comic Vaudeville at St. Ann's Guild Rooms Saturday, April 25th, was a wonderful success from a Thespian point of view, but the attendance was only fair. The seating capacity was only two thirds full. The weather was partly to blame, for it rained quite heavily just at the time people would start for the show. However, a goodly amount of money was made for the deaf fund.

Refreshments were served in the tea room.

The program was as follows:—

PROGRAM

Butterfly Dance—Miss Jessie Garrick. Tom and Jerry—Messrs. Funk and Livingston.

HIS DREAM'

The Actor—Mr. Pfandler. The Model—Miss Makowska.

PIGS'

Miss Nettie Miller and Mr. G. Braddock. Greek Dance—Misses Garrick, Siegel, Tichenor, Allen and Rosengreen. Topsy and Eva—Misses Doris Patterson and Nettie Miller.

Jiggs and Dinty Moore—Mr. Pfandler and Miss W. Makowska.

COUNTOWN.'

Aunt Jemima—Miss Nettie Miller. Endmen—C. Knoblock and A. Olsen. Tambo—Robert Fitting. Bones—Raymond McCarthy.

"The Charge of the Rube Brigade"—Misses Makowska, Garrick, Brenneisen, Patterson, Allen, Rosengreen and Tichenor.

ON THE FARM'

Mrs. Fosmire and Mr. Braddock.

"The Red Girl"—Miss Doris Patterson.

H. A. D.

At the room of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf on Sunday evening, April 19th, there was a "Coffee Pot Party." Over one hundred and fifty members and friends attended to partake of the fun that held them on their feet all night long. About the Coffee Pot, you may ask; well, there was a contest and prizes awarded to the lady and gentleman drinking a cup o' black coffee and no sugar. Mrs. Julius Seandel was at the helm of the wheel and had the games started in jig time, to the delight of all those who were present. Refreshments were served after the games were through. All this was under the auspices of the Bazaar Committee, of which Miss Lena Stoloff is chairlady.

The next affair of the H. A. D. will be "May Party"—for the children of deaf parents—nieces and nephews included. This will take place on Saturday afternoon, May 2d. Come and have a good time with the kiddies.

An other social affair was held on Saturday evening, April 26th.

It was for the Building Fund for a Jewish Temple, and was successful socially and financially.

On Saturday evening, May 9th, a Casino party will be held.

On April 11th, 1925, Mr. John Maier became a full fledged American citizen. On that date he took the oath of citizenship before Judge Campbell, of the Federal Court, Miss Gladys Williams and the Reverend Arthur Boll being witnesses to the ceremony. Reverend Boll interpreted the oath for Mr. Maier in the sign language. Final citizenship papers will be issued to him by the Judge on April 27th. Owing to his deafness, Mr. Maier was chosen first to be sworn in from all the other applicants. His name was also changed from Majehoyuk to Maier, by which he is now legally known.

Charles J. Sanford has opened an elaborately equipped office in the jewelry district, at 12 John Street, New York, and is now open for business, and would be pleased to have the deaf prospective buyers in jewelry call and see him for an estimate, especially diamonds.

He has on display the latest creation in after dinner ring mounting in platinum, 18-karat white gold or green gold. He also has the latest designs in carved or engraved wedding and engagement rings, set in diamonds or precious stones of any denomination. His values and helpful co-operation have enabled him to increase his business.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew De Feo, of 82 Hall Street, Brooklyn, were blessed with twins last week, a boy and a girl. This is not all, several New York dailies printed their picture, and stated that because the infants cried lustily, it was convincing despite their parents' affliction the babies are normal.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lampesi from Westchester, N. Y. (nee Dorothy Maeone, of Fanwood), invited their fathers, her mother, their relatives, and their deaf-mute friends to their fifth wedding anniversary on Saturday, April 25th. They received several presents, including a five-dollar gold piece.

Mr. Harry Stoner, on April 8th, was united in wedlock to Miss Leah

Stone, a former pupil of the Lexington Avenue School. Mr. Stoner received his education at the Westchester (Catholic) School. He was known then as Albert Sgroia, but after leaving changed his name to Harry Stoner. He is a member of the Deaf Mutes' Union League.

A picture post card mailed at Havana, Cuba, on April 20th, showing the Prado, discloses Mr. McMann and his wife and son, have progressed that far on their way to California, via the Panama Canal.

Mr. Frank B. Thompson, who all his life has been a resident of New York City, or suburbs, but who moved to California a couple of years ago with his wife (*nee* Mamie Elsworth), is said to be quite sick at this writing.

A Children's Party will be held at the H. A. D. room, 308 Lenox Avenue, on Saturday afternoon May 2d from 2 to 6 o'clock. Games and refreshments. Admission, thirty-five cents.

Mr. Moritz Schoenfeld, who went to Schenectady, N. Y., last week, to stay for a length of time, expects to be back in the city next week.

On April 23d, a baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Paul. Mother and babe are doing well. They have another boy about four years old.

Miss Jane Henry was married to Mr. Paul Skideisky, on Monday of last week. The ceremony was performed at the New York City Hall.

Lincoln Schindler had to take a day off on Monday, April 27th, on account of an explosion at his place of business.

Mr. Samuel Frankenheim has just won a victory wrestling with the "Flu," and is now himself again.

THE CAPITAL CITY.

Is not it strange when I left the busy city of Detroit, I felt terribly weak from head to foot, could hardly board the train without assistance, but when we approached the beautiful city of Washington, I felt lighter and very brisk. My lady companion said I ought not to run away from Detroit or blame the weather. Colds do not come from bad weather or damp climate, but from germs that attack those whose physical condition makes them susceptible. She related to me what science has found about colds—and we will soon learn about the discovery. My lady companion was from Flint, Michigan, and was on her way to Washington, D. C., to meet the officials of the Volta Bureau. She also said that any child of average mental ability should be able to read at the age of three years. She also said that most of the intelligence tests given boys and girls were "rot," and were dangerous in the hands of incompetent teachers.

Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson (Our Pantry) has taken up the study of typewriting. She is taking lessons from an experienced instructor. She will soon master it and will be able to do much good work for both the Mission and Guild of Ephphatha, of which work she feels and takes a great interest in. We would be delighted if she would act as reporter for the JOURNAL.

Mrs. James Henderson is looking forward to a pleasant visit from her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Toellner, of Angola, N. Y. She expects to reach Detroit early in June and may attend the Reunion at Flint, Mich.

A little bird has just told us, our friend and sister of the Guild, Mrs. R. H. MacLachlan, has something new up her sleeve. We wonder what it is. We guess she is shy of newspaper reporters, else they surely would get the scent of it.

We do hope some Detroit deaf would volunteer to write up for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MRS. C. C. COLBY.
515 Ingraham at N. W.
Washington, D. C.

SOUTH DAKOTA

HO! FOR LAKE MADISON

The dates are: June 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, and 29, 1925.

The executive committee of the South Dakota Association for the Advancement of the Deaf has decided on the above place and date for holding the next reunion.

Lake Madison, four miles out from the city of Madison, S. D., is an ideal recreation spot and just the place for the deaf to have their reunion. At Lake Park Hotel good meals can be had on the cafeteria plan at reasonable price and rooms can be had at \$1.25 each person.

Those who wish to bring their own tent will find camping and cooking facilities excellent. Here, also you will find boating, bathing, and fishing on par with any spot anywhere.

To every deaf of the state, and to the deaf of the neighboring states, the executive committee bids a hearty welcome.

An interesting program is being prepared for your pleasure, including sports. Wednesday, June 24th, will go on the program as arriving and registration day. The reunion will officially end Sunday evening, and Monday, the 29th, will be going home day.

The President of the Association will be glad to receive at his Aberdeen address any suggestions for making up the program.

Watch for further announcement.

CHAS. H. LOUCKS, Pres.
Aberdeen, S. D.

ED. P. OLSON, Sec'y,
Sioux Falls, S. D.

The Verner family are wondering if the cattle

protest against their invading their territory. Mrs. Verner thinks her home is not nearly as damp or rainy as Belfast, Ireland. They went to England from Ireland last August, 1924. When she gets her half dozen chicks, biddies, a nanny goat, a kitten, she may have a snapshot taken of herself with her "family" all around her. It may appear in the Silent Worker. She is taking the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and enjoys the good news of her friends in the U. S. and said Editor Hodgson's account of his West Indies cruise was treat.

DETROIT NEWS

The Celebration of the Ninth Anniversary of the Guild's birth was held at the Parish House, April second, after the monthly business meeting. A bountiful supper was served and speeches were made by Mrs. Schneider, Mrs. Colby and Mrs. MacLachlan lauding Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson, the founder for the Guild although Mrs. Nelson was not present, on account of severe grippe. A large cake, with the inscription "Guild's Ninth Anniversary Birthday," was cut and distributed among the members.

The trial of Harry Hill, son of deaf parents, for the murder of an old farmer, was started April 16th, in Circuit Court, Detroit. The Court was crowded to capacity during the first trial session.

Easter Sunday, April 12th, 1925, Mrs. James Henderson and Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson, gave a surprise birthday party for Mrs. Robert H. MacLachlan. The gathering opened with a prayer, by Mr. H. B. Waters. Mrs. Nelson followed with an address in her charming manner. A bounteous banquet was served, the table being well loaded, not only with good things to eat, but tastefully decorated with blue and yellow, blue candles and yellow flowers. Mrs. Nelson gave a beautiful birthday cake, Mrs. Peter McNulty bunch of American Beauty roses trimmed with silk. The other guests filled a basketful with useful gifts, among them was a fine clock, the gift of Mrs. James Henderson and Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson. Mrs. MacLachlan also received some gifts in cash. Several flashlights and snaps were taken to commemorate the happy occasion. At eleven o'clock the tired guests went on their way, vowing never to forget the hospitality of Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Nelson on this happy Easter day. Others who were invited, but did not come, certainly missed a fine time. Mrs. J. Henderson in every way proved herself to be an able and most amiable hostess.

Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson (Our Pantry) has taken up the study of typewriting. She is taking lessons from an experienced instructor. She will soon master it and will be able to do much good work for both the Mission and Guild of Ephphatha, of which work she feels and takes a great interest in. We would be delighted if she would act as reporter for the JOURNAL.

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MRS. C. C. COLBY.

515 Ingraham at N. W.

Washington, D. C.

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DETROIT**OUTCOME VITAL TO SAUERMAN**

Two or three days may be consumed in drawing a jury in the trial of Harry Hill, accused of the murder of Alex Dombrowski, Brownstown township farmer, in 1922, was the prediction of counsel of both the prosecution and defense.

The trial of Hill is probably the most vital event in the life of Leo J. Sauerman, convicted two years ago of the same murder for which Hill is now on trial. Sauerman is serving a life sentence in Marquette prison.

According to the prosecution in both cases, a band of high-jackers, of which both Sauerman and Hill were alleged to have been members, went to the farm of Dombrowski, said to have been a moonshiner and bootlegger, and represented themselves as federal agents.

RESISTS DEMANDS

Dombrowski resisted their demands and, according to the prosecution, was shot dead by one of the band. Sauerman was convicted of the murder and received a life sentence.

Subsequently, Mrs. Helen Bowman, Sauerman's sister, enlisted the aid of various agencies and sought to prove her brother's innocence. She endeavored to show that her brother had been mistaken for a "Harry Hill," who she said, resembled Sauerman so greatly that the mistake was natural.

She finally convinced federal, state and county authorities to such an extent that men were detailed from all three branches of government to hunt Harry Hill.

The "Harry Hill" now on trial in circuit court before Judge Clyde Webster denies his guilt, and in an interview Monday with a *Times* reporter, said he will prove his absolute innocence. He claims the entire case against him rests upon the unsupported word of Mrs. Helen Bowman.

MOTHER WORKS

"Do you know," continued Hill, "that since the police began to hunt me and my brother Ivan that, my mother can neither hear nor speak—she is a deaf-mute—she has been obliged to earn her living in a laundry in Battle Creek, our home town?"

Harry Hill's family was in court Monday, lending him at least their moral support. His aged deaf mute mother is there; so is his sister Ida, who is Mrs. Stanley Kelley, of Lansing. His brother Herbert, 14 years old sits beside the aged, afflicted mother and translates remarks and rumors to Mrs. Hill.

Ben H. Cole is assisting Assistant Prosecutor Ring, and Kenneth A. Swift is associated with Donovan in the defense.—*Detroit Times*.

Diocese of Maryland.

Rev. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary, 2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Service, 9:30 A.M. Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 2:15 P.M. Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 1:30 P.M. Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M. Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Conference, 2:15 P.M. Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M. Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M. Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M. Hagerstown—St. Paul's Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M. Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M. Other Places by Appointment.

God feeds the birds, but He doesn't throw the food into their nests.—*Greek Proverb*.

Subscribe for the **DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL**—\$2.00 a year.

PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

Diocese of Washington, and the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. Henry J. Pulver, General Missionary, 1450 Fairmont Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—St. John's Parish

Hill Street and H Streets, N. W. Services every Sunday, 11:15 A.M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church,

Laurie and Beverley Streets. Services Second Sunday, 8 P.M. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 A.M.

Norfolk, Va.—St. Luke's Church, Grady and Beau Streets. Services Second Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Silent Mission, St. Matthew's Church. Services every Sunday, at 3:30 P.M.

Lynchburg, Roanoke, Newport News, and Staunton, West Virginia; Petersburg, Huntington, Charleston, Clarksburg, Fairmont and Romney.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,
704 Park Street, Boulevard, N.
Fort Worth, Texas.

THIRD ANNUAL PICNIC

Bronx Div., No. 92, N. F. S. D.
AT

HAARMANN'S CASINO

814 Jamaica Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday, July 25, 1925
(Afternoon and Evening)

ADMISSION - - - 50 Cents

DIRECTIONS—At Chambers St. Subway take Jamaica Avenue to Cypress Hill Street, walk one block to the park.

MATTHEW J. BLAKE,
Chairman.

FIFTH ANNUAL GAMES**OF THE**
Fanwood Athletic Association

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

N. Y. INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF

TO BE HELD ON THE INSTITUTION'S GROUNDS

Saturday Afternoon, May 30, 1925

FROM 2:00 TO 6:00 P.M.

1. Baseball Target—3 out of 5 trials (one free ice cream cone.)
2. Gymnasium Work.
3. Little Circus Show.
4. Nail Driving, for ladies only (3 cones free to a winner.)

1. 100 yard dash.
2. One Mile Run.
3. 880 yard Relay.
4. 220 yard Run.
5. 440 yard Walk.
6. 2 mile Bike Race

Prizes to be awarded by Isaac B. Gardner, M.A., Principal of the Institution.

To be eligible for events, athletes must be graduates of Fanwood. Events will close with Frank T. Lux, 99 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, not later than May 25th, 1925.

Admission to Grounds, 25 Cents.

RESERVED SPACE FOR**MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87, N. F. S. D.**

Saturday, November 21, 1925

INDOOR CIRCUS

AT

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street

Saturday Evening, May 9th

A Gorgeous Bewildering Aggregation of
Stupendous Marvels

Amazing Feats of Skill and Strength

World Famous Congress of Clowns

Two Solid Hours of Fun Galore

Peanuts and Pop on Sale

Admission, - - - 35 Cents

190 SHARES

DODGE BROTHERS, INC.

Preference Stock

\$7 per share per annum

Each share of Preference Stock will carry

as a bonus one share of Common

Stock Class A

1914 Cars made 249

1924 Cars made 222,236

Price \$100 per share

\$5000

DODGE BROTHERS, INC.

6x Gold Debentures

due 1940

These debentures are convertible, at the holder's option, into Common Stock

Class A, \$30 per share and up-

wards, later on.

Price \$99 and interest

(Prices subject to changes)

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds

18 West 107th Street

NEW YORK CITY

Correspondent of

LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.

OUTING and PICNIC**Hebrew Association of the Deaf**

[INCORPORATED]

Saturday Afternoon, July 11, 1925

Gates open at one o'clock

AT DEXTER PARK, Woodhaven, N. Y.

Jamaica train to Eldert Lane Station

MUSIC BY WAAS' SYNCOPATORS

TICKETS, - - - 55 CENTS

[Particulars Later]

Dance at the Moose Temple

1000 WALNUT AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Saturday Evening, May 23, 1925

BY AUSPICES OF

CLEVELAND DIVISION, No. 21

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

ROBITOY ORCHESTRA

REFRESHMENTS SERVED

ADMISSION, - - - 55 CENTS

Out-of-Town Visitors, Please Take Notice: The New York Americans will play baseball with Cleveland on Saturday and Sunday, May 23d and 24th. Here's your chance to see Babe Ruth knock a Home Run.

FOURTH ANNUAL**PICNIC and GAMES**

AUSPICES OF

MANHATTAN DIVISION, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

AT

NATIONAL PARK

FOREST STREET

WINFIELD, L. I.

Saturday, June 27, 1925

ADMISSION, - - - 55 CENTS

THIRD ANNUAL**PICNIC**

under auspices of

Jersey City Division, No. 91

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

AT

FLORAL PARK

North Bergen, N. J.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 1, 1925

[Full Particulars Later]

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL**PICNIC and GAMES**

UNDER AUSPICES

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

At Ulmer Park**ATHLETIC FIELD**

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 22, 1925

[Particulars Later]

JACK SELTZER, Chairman

BIGGER AND BETTER H. A. D. BAZAAR

December 9, 10, 12, 13, 1925

BUILDING FUND

Two Floors at H. A. D. Headquarters, 308 Lenox Avenue, Near Corner 125th Street, New York City

LENA STOLOFF, Chairlady.

Don't Miss**"BOBS"**

THE BEST THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT OF THE SEASON

BY THE MEMBERS OF THE

V. B. G. A.

AT

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street

Saturday Evening, June 20th

Curtain rises 8:30

Plenty of Laughter,